



Breakfast at Banamex

Wearing a tight black dress and
Very high heels with sharp pointy toes,
The woman standing in line says: “Huevos Rancheros.”
The sounds the words make as she says them are sexy.

“The oven must be very hot,”
Says a woman in a white huipile
Standing behind her, “At least 500 degrees.”

“Celsius?” A man in a navy blue business suite standing
in front of the woman wearing the tight black dress and
Very high heels with sharp pointy toes asks,
And a woman in a grey dress standing in front of him
hisses “Idiota” and slaps him on his belly.
There is laughter up and down the line.

“You must use tortillas de masa” a woman's voice says
From the front of the line.
She is out of sight near the bank teller's windows.

The line is long now and loops, twists and snakes
back upon itself and there is a man in a red guayabera
near the end of the line that is standing
Across from the woman wearing the tight black dress and
Very high heels with sharp pointy toes,
And he says, and it is not quite certain,
But he seems to be talking to someone
Who is not there or perhaps to himself:

“Breakfast is the saddest meal to eat alone.
It says so much about you, like your lover has left you.
You sleep alone at night. You have no one.”

The woman wearing the tight black dress and
Very high heels with sharp pointy toes looks at the floor and
Pretends she does not hear the man wearing the red guayabera.
The line falls silent and no one speaks.
A teller through a window calls,
“Next! Siguiente por favor!”

- Doug Tanoury